

Welcome to California

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Welcome to California

by [TigerPrawn](#)

Summary

Set after the events of both Adam and Charlie Countryman.

Omega Adam is moving to California to take up his new job. Alpha Nigel leaves Bucharest with a head injury and amnesia and is off to start a new life in the States. The pair meet by accident and may find their lives become entwined...

Notes

When I first heard of Spacedogs I was like "Wut!?!?! Poor little Adam and that son of a bitch Nigel?!?! NOOOOOO!" And then I read some and became addicted and I think they are my favourite ever ship now :-/

Likewise, through reading Spacedogs fics, I discovered Omegaverse and at first I was like "What did I just read?!?!!" D: and then that quickly became a guilty pleasure.

Sooooo.... I decided to try my hand at some Spacedogs Omegaverse. I hope you all like it, I have no idea what I'm doing and admittedly have only a reasonable understanding of omegaverse so please forgive/let me know about anything that is not right.

Also, should note - I have no idea how amnesia works, my interpretation is purely fictional license so apologies for that!

Chapter 1

He woke up.

He tried to speak but his words were stopped by the tube in his throat on which he suddenly began to choke. A brief panic before expert hands quickly removed the apparatus and he sucked down big gulps of air. He tried to ask what was happening but his throat was only able to produce a rasping sound. He could barely see anything around him, through slightly blurred vision and bright white lights. He saw a shape leaning over him, muffled words spoken aloud. He wanted to try and make them out but found his eyelids fluttering heavily before sleep claimed him again.

*

“You’re the luckiest fucker I have ever known.” The voice woke him and opened his eyes, but it took him a moment to focus on the man sitting next to him, drawing on a lit cigarette. He didn’t recognise the man but the man seemed to know him.

“You’ve paid your dues, I think this time you should just leave Bucharest for good. I don’t want to see you back here Nigel, you bring too much trouble. The Poliția have taken their cut, they don’t want you here any more than I do. Enough trouble making Alphas in this city already!” Another draw on the cigarette, the smoke burning his lungs as it came his way.

He didn’t know what to answer, not really sure who this man was or what he was talking about. A slow realisation that he had no idea where he was or how he got there. The last thing he remembered was his mother’s funeral but he had no idea when that had been. A tide of panic threatened to wash over him, but his thoughts were interrupted by further words.

“Are you even hearing me Nigel?” a shake of the man’s head in impatience or frustration. “Doesn’t matter.” He stubbed his cigarette out on a bedpan that sat atop a trolley near the bed. “I’ll have someone drop by papers - passport, tickets. America my friend, you can lose yourself there.” The man stood and leaned in, placing a kiss on his forehead before muttering near his ear. “Don’t ever say Darko doesn’t look out for his own.”

*

He wasn’t sure how long he had been in the hospital, but he knew very little more about himself when he was released. The only thing of real importance was the date of his mother’s death which the staff had looked up for him - it had been over 8 years earlier. Everything after that was a blank. He knew he had been brought in by the Poliția with a head wound, but was no longer a person of interest for them, as affirmed by his previous encounter with the man named Darko. He hadn’t been expected to recover but the doctors told him he was lucky, and perhaps the amnesia would be temporary, but they had no way to know. The man named Darko had subsequently sent another man who remained silent as he handed over a thick envelope and small duffel bag. The bag contained clothes, a few hurriedly packed items that he assumed were his. The envelope contained a passport, a one way ticket to Los Angeles

and a large sum of American dollars, a much smaller sum of Leu. A note was wrapped around the money -

“I appreciate all you have done my friend, but now for a fresh start. I warn you once, as a brother to me, do not return to Bucharest.”

The ticket was dated for a week’s time.

Nigel roamed the semi-familiar streets of Bucharest before he checked into a small and squalid looking hotel near the airport and stayed there until his flight trying to remember his life.

*

By the time his flight was due Nigel knew very little more about himself. He knew he was covered in scars but not where they had come from. He knew he had tattoos but didn’t remember getting them. He knew he could speak several languages with what he presumed was reasonable comprehension. English seemed the most important of these with his ticket to America. He remembered a lot of trouble, a mis-spent youth, drugs, dangerous people - and he had aspired to be one.

He had used the cybercafe a few doors along from the hotel to look up Darko, with little to go on the man could be anyone. A chance look into one Darko found a website for a nightclub which the man owned. A picture showed this was the man who had been at the hospital. He called the number for the nightclub and spoke to someone who claimed to work for Darko but he had no idea of their capacity. He had told him Darko would not speak with him, that he needed to get the plane as requested or he might find the next bullet does more than just wound. A few words of threat later, Nigel was no clearer about who he had become in the last 8 years. He decided that with no one to help him and a threat over his head, his only choice really was to use the ticket to Los Angeles.

Adam sat staring ahead of him, watching the road as Harlan’s van took them closer and closer to the airport.

“No Beth then...” It wasn’t a question because the answer was obvious. He knew the Beta had been good for Adam, brought him out of himself. And now he couldn’t help worry and wonder as to how Adam would manage on his own in a new city.

“No. She’s not coming.” Adam’s mind whirled through the conversation they had had trying to work out what he had missed, what he had done or said wrong. It didn’t change things though, Beth wasn’t coming to California and Adam was scared. And yet, he felt more in control than usual. He didn’t feel like he was going to have an episode which made him feel ok with the situation.

“I’m proud of you Adam.” Harlan told him. “I, well I hate to speak ill of the dead, but sometimes I don’t think your dad - rest his soul - did right by you with all this mollicoddling.

Beth may have decided not to come but I'm glad you met her - brought you out of yourself a bit... helped you fit into the world a bit better."

"mhm." Was Adam's reply. He wasn't entirely clear on everything Harlan had said, but he understood enough of the sentiment to know he should agree in the affirmative. And Harlan wasn't wrong. If he hadn't met Beth he'd never be moving. A fresh wave of panic went through him and he surprised himself again by letting it pass.

*

"That's everything." Harlan noted, loading the last bag through the check-in for Adam. "You better go get your flight now. You have your boarding pass? Your... uh... medication?" Harlan's eyes shifted about as he asked and Adam nodded. Adam had been on suppressants since he had started working. His dad worried that he would be an easy target for the wrong kind of Alpha without his protection, such as it was. Harlan had encouraged him to continue taking them when his father passed - had reiterated the importance of them. Of how vulnerable he might be as an Omega with autism.

Harlan pulled the young man into a familial hug. When he released Adam he tried to read the boy's expression without much luck, as always. It was so hard to tell if the boy was terrified, Harlan was thinking he should have got the flight too, just in case. But at least Adam wasn't acting out. He seemed quite calm, all credit to him.

"Okay, so when you get to Los Angeles..."

"I get a taxi to the hotel and then I can stay there, I have paid for the week. And I can stay longer if I need to but I will have to pay more. I stay there whilst I look for an apartment - a lady from the observatory emailed me to say she could help me with that." Adam reeled off the information almost mechanically - memorised from various emails and confirmations.

Harlan nodded and smiled. "You booked the hotel yourself?"

"I found it online, their room service menu says they do Fettuccine Alfredo, but really that's macaroni cheese.." Adam smiled and Harlan was sure that the smile meant Adam was making a joke.

Harlan gave the boy a last hug and confirmed he had his phone number should he need anything, before watching the young Omega head through to Departures.

Adam can't help but be a little nervous as he exits the plane at LAX. He has to transfer to his flight to Flintridge, but he checks several times that his luggage will automatically be put on the next flight. All he needs to do is take his hand luggage and wait for the connection in a few hours.

The airport is busy and overwhelming but Adam keeps calm, even if he does find himself rubbing a hand up and down one arm in an motion of self comfort. Realising it he continues but finds a bench off the main bustle and sits waiting for his flight.

*

Nigel had slept most of the flight, but had woken sporadically with jumbled thoughts for dreams, unsure whether they were in fact dreams or memories. There was a girl, a Beta, they had been lovers but she was with someone new. It was the feelings that had been stirred that woke him - less of love and more of obsession, an uncontrollable Alpha possessiveness that marked her as a substitute for his having not found a suitable Omega. Between that and the way he automatically snapped at another passenger who accidentally tripped him getting off the flight, he was starting to get an idea of the kind of man he was.

When he arrived at LAX he wasn't quite sure what to do. Find a hotel, work out what he was going to do next, try to estimate how long the money Darko had given him would last. It suddenly felt a little overwhelming and he wondered how he might have handled it if his memory was intact. He found a bench and took a seat to mull over, get his bearings before heading out onto the street.

He looked up as a small, fidgeting man took the other end of the bench. He looked anxious and seemed to be checking each of his pockets in turn for their contents before starting over again - inside jacket pocket had tickets and ID, trouser pocket had wallet and so on. Nigel found it almost hypnotic as the routine was repeated several times.

"Do have everything there, friend?" He asked in amusement.

It took a moment for the younger man to look up and realise he had been spoken to. He scrutinised Nigel before asking "Do I know you?"

Adam was a little confused by the man calling him friend. His smile of familiarity. And yet Adam didn't recognise him, he must not know him. He could smell the Alpha well and that confirmed it for him, he didn't know any Alphas - all the people in his life had been Betas: his parents, Harlan, Beth.

"I think you've confused me for someone else." Eyes averted, Adam answered politely, but he felt his hand starting to rub at his arm again, quite involuntarily.

Nigel smiled again and nodded. "My mistake." There was something curious about the little man, the way he avoided the eye and his nervousness. Nigel would suspect him for a jumpy, unmated Omega, only he couldn't get a scent off him that betrayed that, just a faint whiff of Beta that seemed at odds with the intuitive feeling he had about his not-friend.

Even so, Nigel felt refreshed by the human contact, it felt normal, made him feel like he wasn't such an odd ball for his memory loss, with such a fellow as this walking the earth. He chuckled to himself at which the not-friend seemed to startle. Nigel felt immediately sorry to have caused the reaction and strangely felt a tug of protectiveness for the little guy. He shook his head at the bizarre thought and stood up. He stretched and yawned and knew it was time

to find a hotel. He grabbed his bag and went to leave, pausing for a moment. "Safe travels little guy." He smiled.

*

Adam heard his flight being called and stood up. He had been alone on his bench with the exception of the strange man with the funny accent who thought he knew him. He felt proud that he had managed to sit calmly and not run as his instincts had told him. Being an Omega with autism had its problems and even with his suppressants and the faux Beta scent Harlan had given him when his dad died, he struggled to be near Alphas. He had rarely met any, some at work who were mated. His father had purposely not socialised with Alphas given Adam's situation. Even so, it was inevitable to come across them here and there, and his instinct was to run and hide. He knew it shouldn't be, on some level he knew he was supposed to want to seek them out, find an Alpha for himself. But years of his dad's protection and warnings, his own general nervousness around all people, he knew he was better off with an instinct to run. Who knows what kind of Alpha might try and take advantage of him.

The short flight was incident free and the first taxi driver he asked once he landed was immediately able to take him to the hotel he had booked. He even helped Adam into the hotel with his luggage. He was nervous when it came to signing in at the hotel, he'd never really done anything like before and it was hard to try and maintain the faux eye contact that he had practiced with Beth for job interviews.

Despite how strange and unfamiliar it was, Adam was relieved once he got to his room. He was glad of the quiet and the alone time. He ordered room service and set up his laptop ready to watch the Actor's Studio with his meal. While he waited for the food he opened his hand luggage, wanting his pills ready to take with his dinner. When he opened the bag he was confused that he couldn't immediately find the pills, and even more so when he realised there were clothes. Not his clothes, his clothes were in his case. There was a large thick envelope, some personal items. Adam started to panic. This wasn't his bag.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Nigel tracks down Adam to get his bag back and finds himself torn on how to handle an Omega in distress.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the kudos and comments, hope you continue to enjoy the story!

This first bit is going to be in six parts which I will post up over the next week or two. Soon starting on another with these guys (probably another 6 chapters to that one too)

Nigel knocked on the door and waited. He let a minute pass before he knocked harder. He was going to give it another minute before hammering the door and possibly kicking it down.

He was stressed, there was no other word for it. He had found a hotel near LAX and checked in with some of the dollars he had moved to his wallet. That had been three days ago, when he had gotten into his room and immediately slept. When he had woken he had started to unpack his bag, quickly realising that it wasn't his. It took him a minute of racking his brain to work out what had happened, wondering if he was going mad on top of the amnesia. He knew it had been his bag he had taken off the plane, and then he remembered the nervous kid on the bench. He had sworn under his breath and started to pack the items back in. A few personal items, a pill bottle, some paperwork. He paused and looked at the paperwork, an itinerary. It gave details of a hotel in Flintridge, wherever the hell that was, and a schedule - a job start date. At the top the name Adam Raki.

It had been a nonstop annoyance. He was without any of his worldly goods, such as they were, the rest of his money, and he it had been nothing but hassle getting himself on a greyhound to Flintridge. The only saving grace was that the hotel on the paperwork had been easy to find. The allusive Adam Raki was not quite so forthcoming.

Another knock on the door, this time with the side of his fist, the resulting noise booming down the corridor.

"Adam fucking Raki." He shouted through the door.

Finally he heard a shuffle. Damn kid was definitely inside. He resisted the urge to knock the door off it's hinges.

*

Adam sat in the corner of the hotel room, curled over on himself and rocking gently. He had been doing very well, he thought. He had even started to look forward to his first day at work in a few days time, thoughts of the observatory outweighing the anxiety of meeting new people. But he was on edge, he couldn't hold back the anxiety he felt over not having his pills. His skin had started to crawl and he wondered how long it would be before he went into heat. It was something he hadn't experienced in quite some years and they had been no end of distressing every time.

He had wanted to do things, he had printed an itinerary with places he could go. He knew it would be difficult, it would take a while to get up the nerve, but he was sure he could do it. After all he had made it all this way. But he didn't have his itinerary, he didn't have his pills. He was getting anxious that he wouldn't be able to start his job. And now there was an angry man hammering at his door. An Alpha, an angry Alpha.

"Adam fucking Raki". He was surprised to hear his name. Maybe it was someone he knew. He didn't know anyone in California yet. Perhaps Harlan had sent someone to help him, someone who liked to curse. But Harlan didn't know about his lost bag. Harlan wouldn't send an Alpha.

"Please can you open the door Adam?" The voice said again, he wasn't shouting anymore. Maybe he wasn't angry anymore. Even so Adam couldn't help but whimper and rock.

"Adam, I have your bag here. I have your things. I need my bag."

Adam looked over to the bed where the not-his-bag sat. He had left it packed and yet he had kept it on the bed, even when he slept. He had felt compelled to rearrange the bag so that there were shirts at the top. He had left the bag open. He had slept with the reassuring scent of Alpha as the only thing keeping him remotely calm, such as it was.

He slowly got to his feet and edged to the door, listening for the angry man. He could hear something but no more knocking, no more shouting. Finally he opened the door a crack and looked into the corridor. The man from the bench was there, the man who thought he was his friend.

"Umm, I have your bag." Adam stated nervously, not able to meet the Alpha's eyes.

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Nigel looked at the cowering figure in the doorway and felt an instant and, to his mind, irrational need to protect the poor little thing. His remaining anger had dispersed, it bled out of him completely. This little thing was clearly distressed and fragile and smelled so good...

"Can I come in?" He asked gently. For a moment he thought Adam was going to shut the door again. "I don't want to hurt you, I just want my bag." He continued.

Adam hesitated and then retreated from the door. Nigel went ahead and pushed the door the rest of the way open and walked into the room. As he closed the door behind him his eyes

searched the room, finally seeing Adam in the doorway of the bathroom, clearly ready to lock himself in. The room had an odd scent, Omega and Beta mixed strangely together in a way that was confusing to his senses.

Nigel thought it best to ignore the scent and the kid, give him his space. He dropped Adam's bag by the door and located his bag on the bed and went to it. It was open, his shirts pulled to the top. With a frown he turned the bag out on the bed to make sure everything was there.

"I didn't take anything." a small voice told him from the edge of the room.

Nigel nodded and continued to repack his bag, ensuring each item was there as he repacked it. "You went through my bag?" Nigel asked, worried that the kid had been in the envelope and hoped it hadn't raised any suspicions if he had.

"I... I didn't know it wasn't mine. I..."

Nigel looked over at this point and could see the red flush creeping up Adam's neck and cheeks. With his senses focused the smell was more understandable now. The kid was definitely an Omega, as he had originally suspected, but was trying to mask his scent. Understandably, Nigel thought, considering how fragile he seemed. Nigel looked back at his bag as he repacked his clothes, his shirts last, back on the top of the bag. A smile tweaked his lips as he realised Adam was telling the truth - he didn't take anything, he likely had barely looked in the bag once he realised it wasn't his. Nigel realised why it had been open with his clothes on top.

"You were smelling my fucking shirts." Nigel chuckled. He looked at Adam who was now fully red and hiding partially behind the bathroom door. When Nigel stood, Adam let out a squeak of a sound and closed the bathroom door.

Nigel felt a pull in his chest that he couldn't quite work out. Maybe if he remembered the last few years it would be something he had felt before, he wasn't sure. He felt a compulsion to go to the Omega and comfort him. He even got halfway to the bathroom before he stopped and shook his head with another chuckle. What the fuck was he doing? He remembered being around Omegas before, in the years he could remember, and he'd always been in control of this.

"It's ok Adam. I'm going to take my bag and go. Your bag is just here ok?" He hadn't expected an answer and the light whimper that came through the door almost had him marching over to the bathroom to go to the Omega. Instead, he forced himself to turn on his heel.

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Adam heard the door click. Everything was quiet, but even so he didn't leave the bathroom for sometime. He sat against the door and rocked, soothing himself with hands up and down his arms. Gradually it got dark and finally he got up and left the bathroom, heading into the bedroom and switching on the light. He was still wary but he couldn't smell the strong scent of Alpha that had been in the room, just the faint lingering of the past presence. He saw his own bag by the door and went to it immediately. Rustling through it he was sure everything

was there, his hand gripping the bottle of pills as soon as they found purchase. He was overwhelmed with relief, he could feel his heat itching at the corners of his senses - perhaps if he took the tablets straight away they would do their job and keep his heat suppressed.

He took the pills, had a few mouthfuls of the left over room service from the night before. Watched a show on his laptop at the little table by the window. The curtain closed, keeping the outside world at bay. He hoped he felt better in the morning. He hoped his heat no longer felt impending, he hoped he felt calmer and could maybe do some of the things he'd planned on his itinerary.

Finally he crawled into bed. He was about to turn off the light when he felt something in the bed next to him. He jumped, scrambling out of the bed and tentatively pulling back the covers. Next to the pillow was a shirt, it was covered in little dogs and it smelled of Alpha. Adam frowned, not quite sure why the angry man had left one of his shirts in his bed. And yet he found he was pleased. He crawled back into the bed and turned off the lamp. As he closed his eyes he pulled the shirt to him and took in the scent. It smelt like Alpha, it was calming and reassuring. He wrapped himself up in it, his face pressed to the collar, the scent strong, almost as though his face was buried in the crook of an Alpha's neck. Adam drifted quickly into a peaceful sleep.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Adam starts his new job and Nigel stays in town - only a matter of time before they run into each, especially if Nigel is looking for Adam...

Chapter Notes

The six chapters are all ready to go, so going to post every couple of days or so. Already working on a follow up once this story arc is resolved.

Adam had enjoyed his first day at work. He had liked working for RePlay in New York, but this was so much better. He had spent the day excited and when he had talked people had listened with interest. When he had realised he got carried away he would stop and ask if his new colleagues had heard too much, if he should stop. They said no and encouraged him to continue, joining in with their own information. A conversation. He knew he was going to like it here.

As with society in general, most of the staff were Betas and presumed he was the same and were friendly. He had an odd look from one lady, an Alpha in the Human Resources office where he had had to sign paperwork, but he couldn't read the expression she was making.

He didn't think much more of it until he went outside to sit on a bench for lunch in the sunshine, and the Alpha approached him.

"It's Adam isn't it?" She asked. "I'm Lynnette, Human Resources Manager"

He nodded and fumbled with his sandwich. A little startled to be disturbed and unsure how to react to the stranger.

"Adam Raki." He agreed with a smile, putting his sandwich down. He knew he should shake hands so he held one out and she shook it before sitting next to him.

She cleared her throat, the way Harlan sometimes did when he was uncomfortable, Adam had learned. Adam wasn't sure if she was uncomfortable, but he knew he was. He wasn't sure of being so close to an Alpha even if this felt like a safe environment.

"I don't mean to be personal Adam, but, um, you're not mated are you?" She asked gently.

Adam shifted uncomfortably and couldn't find any words.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to embarrass you. I just wanted to come straight to the point... When you passed by earlier I caught the scent of an Alpha on you and, well I had assumed you were a Beta. The thing is, we get a lot of visitors through here, so..." she cleared her throat again. Adam was staring straight ahead and didn't see her pinch the bridge of her nose in frustration at her struggle to find the right words - it was a long time since she'd been around a jittery, unmated Omega. She exhaled and continued. "The thing is, I wasn't sure at first, but I can make out your Omega scent, you've got a patch but it's not strong enough. When I smelt Alpha on you too I assumed you were mated, but now I realise..." She trailed off again, choosing the right words. "I just want you to know that if you feel uncomfortable at all you can come to HR. We're discreet, what you do is up to you. But I just wanted to let you know, either you need stronger patches or you need a mate. I don't want you getting hassled by Alpha visitors who see you as an easy target. But if you do, well you know where we are. We have an equal hire policy here, but we understand how hard it can be for Omegas, my mate has told me lots of stories from before we mated..." Her words trailed off again and she could easily see his discomfort. "I guess, that's all I wanted to say... just pop over to HR if you need anything at all."

With that she stood and left Adam to his lunch on the bench. He felt his heart sink a little. He felt exposed even if it was only one Alpha that had discovered him. He wondered if he would be fired for using suppressants, they weren't legal without prescription in California, he knew that.

He forced himself to finish his lunch and head back into the Observatory, ready to resume his day's work. And yet all he wanted to do was go back to the hotel and wrap himself up in the shirt covered in little dogs and feel comforted.

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Nigel felt like a fucking idiot. He wasn't sure what he was still doing in this town. He should have made his way back to Los Angeles, that was the sort of place he could imagine himself. He could pick up who he'd been 8 years ago and go from there - he had skills, brutal talent. But instead he had booked into a hotel, rented a car. Worse yet he had returned to Adam Raki's hotel to discover the kid had already moved on.

He wasn't sure why he went back but he figured he could just say he forgot his shirt. The one he had felt compelled to leave in Adam's bed, instinctively knowing it would give the little Omega the comfort he needed after being so frightened. He scolded himself for being disappointed that Adam wasn't there anymore. He had left it a couple of weeks, distracting himself with exploring the local area, before finally giving into the urge to seek the Omega out. And now it was too late.

It was as he was leaving Adam's once hotel that he remembered Adam's itinerary which he had looked over more than once. He had been starting a new job, Nigel just had to remember where, then he could go there. Ask for his shirt back? No, that wasn't fucking ok. Maybe pretend it was a coincidental meeting? He felt a low growl in his chest at the frustration. This was fucking stupid. He could always go there and ask Adam if he wanted to go on a date. Maybe that would have worked 8 years ago, but now he had no idea of the person he really

was, it was something he tried to actively ignore - pretend the last 8 years hadn't happened. When he looked in the mirror his face was older than he remembered. Was he really considering trying to court a jittery little Omega? An Omega that was clearly young and beautiful and... Nigel stopped his thoughts drifting. No. Definitely fucking not, he was damaged goods with a damaged mind, he wouldn't be good for anyone, especially not such a special Omega.

Then he remembered where it was Adam worked.

*

Adam was giving a talk to a tour group when a familiar scent caught his nose and momentarily distracted him. Only missing a beat, he finished his talk and the tour moved on.

He had been in the job almost a month and it was going really well. Lynnette from HR had helped him find stronger patches online and he had even been to dinner with her and her wife, and visited their home. He had never thought he could be friends with an Alpha but she wasn't how he had imagined them. He always thought of them as predators but she had been nothing but nice even if it had been awkward in the beginning. He realised she had only meant to help him, and she had continued to do so. Lynnette and Angela had helped him find the little apartment he was renting near the Observatory, and had made it much easier for him to become friendly with other staff, easing him in to social situations. Angela worked in as a teacher had an understanding of his autism and so he didn't need to explain everything to them. They hadn't had children yet and Adam was sure that a lot of the friendship came from Angela's instincts to mother. His own mother had been dead so long that he welcomed the familial bond, something he'd never had with another Omega. They were the closest friends he'd ever had other than Harlan.

The scent caught Adam's nose again and he sniffed his shirt. It was so strong, and the little dog shirt almost smelled of nothing but him now. It was hard to believe that the scent of Alpha had rubbed off on his own clothes from it.

"Hello Adam." The voice was deep and accented.

Adam turned to see the angry man approaching. He was wearing a visitor's badge like others on the tour that had now moved off, and he was smiling but he remembered the angry man. Alpha. Angry Alpha.

Adam instinctively whimpered and looked to hide himself behind some of the equipment. He dealt with Alpha visitors all the time, but with patches Lynnette helped him get they didn't look at him twice. But the look in the angry man's eyes was hungry and it scared Adam. He wanted to call Lynnette but the phone was over the other side of the platform.

"I have your shirt." Adam all but shouted as he continued to back away. "It isn't here, but I can give it back to you."

The man stopped approaching, leaving enough space between them that Adam didn't feel the need to keep backing up.

“I don’t need it back, I left it as a gift. I just... um...” He ran his hand through his hair and shifted on his feet. Something Adam was sure meant anxiety or nervousness. “Fuck.” He muttered in frustration. “I just thought I’d come and see you. I decided to stay in town and I don’t know anyone else here.”

“We’re not friends.” Adam reminded him and he was surprised when the man chuckled at this. “I don’t know you.”

Nigel couldn’t help but sigh. He still didn’t really know himself. “I’m Nigel.” he finally offered and held out a hand to shake. Adam looked at it and then at the floor. He put his hands behind his back. Nigel’s scent was so familiar now and comforting, that he was afraid to take his hand. He didn’t know what would happen if he did - he did know that even being this close made him want to curl into Nigel’s arms and bury his head in his neck and he was disturbed by the realisation.

Nigel’s smile faded and he withdrew his hand. “I thought we could be friends, but I understand.” he nodded. He turned and started after the tour group.

Despite his earlier retreat, Adam found himself compelled to move forward as Nigel did, keeping the same space between them. When Nigel realised and turned back, Adam jumped back a foot with a whimper. He looked at the floor, and then up and passed Nigel and back to the floor as he fidgeted with his hands now in front of him. “Um, I guess we could be friends.” He glanced up to see that Nigel’s smile had returned.

Nigel nodded. “I’d like that. Maybe we can go for some food when you finish work?” He ventured.

“Bernie’s.” Adam nodded. It was the best place in town for macaroni cheese, he had been there with Lynnette and Angela. “7pm.” Adam rushed the words out while he had the nerve. He quickly turned and walked away, glad he stopped himself before asking if he could swap the little dog shirt for another one that still smelled like the Alpha. Nigel.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Adam and Nigel go on a date. Nigel is a dork for love!

Chapter Notes

It seems I am incapable of not writing fluff. Sorry not sorry.

Nigel felt like a fucking idiot. Again. He was showered and smart and already had a good table at Bernie's and it was still only a quarter to 7. He laughed at himself and shook his head. He couldn't remember for sure, but he believed he'd never felt this way before.

Even so, he wasn't sure what he felt for Adam. He felt protective, concerned. He wanted to comfort the little Omega who had been too scared to be in the same room as him. That's why he had left his shirt - to comfort. But as a gift too, he knew that. He wasn't that much of a fucking idiot that he didn't realise he had instinctively left a courting gift of sorts. He chuckled to himself again. He was a fucking idiot no matter how he sliced it.

"You laugh a lot." Adam's small voice sounded. Adam stood at the edge of the table and slipped into the booth opposite Nigel.

"Sometimes there is a lot to laugh about, darling." Nigel smiled, doing his best to be charming. He was glad Adam had showed. He honestly hadn't been sure he would, half expected to be fobbed off by the jittery little thing.

Adam considered for a moment. "I'm not sure. I don't really, um... I don't always understand jokes. It's hard to understand when people aren't clear about what they mean and a lot of jokes rely on that." Adam shared his wisdom on jokes.

Nigel listened and felt like a fool all over again. Here he was looking at this gorgeous Omega, with his tousled hair, porcelain skin and the bluest eyes and he found he was enraptured by every word the kid fucking said. He chuckled to himself again, he was losing his head over him. A chance encounter in a city he had ended up in by strange circumstances and he was sure he had possibly met his True Mate, if you believed in such fucking things. He was suddenly sure that he did. He could not be sure of anything of the last 8 years and yet this he was sure of.

Adam's brow furrowed. "I don't understand what's funny."

Nigel smiled but noted how Adam still didn't make eye contact. "I laugh at myself because I am the joke."

Adam continued to frown. "I don't know what you mean. I... uh. I have this thing, autism. It's hard for me to understand what people mean sometimes. Especially when they don't really say what they mean. I like it when people say what they think, I can't guess what you mean, you need to tell me."

Nigel studied the kid for a moment. It was clear from their previous meetings that there was something a little off about him, and yet this didn't bother Nigel in the least. Whether it was because of his own recent issues or because that sweet faint smell of Omega in Adam's hotel room had sealed his fate regardless, he wasn't sure.

*

Adam was nervous. The angry man, Nigel, his new friend, was intimidating. He would probably have been so if he hadn't been an Alpha. He wished he'd had chance during the day to talk to Lynnette about the dinner. He was still trying to work out if he had said yes out of politeness or... no, he think he knew. There was something about Nigel's scent that drew him in and wanted him to be drawn in return. This was the sort of thing his dad had warned about - being drawn to the wrong sort, and Nigel was surely what his dad would consider the wrong sort. The man was a little older - his slightly greying hair falling in front of his eyes. He was gruff, he had a tattoo of a half naked lady on his neck and a scar just visible near his hairline. His eyes were dark...

Adam realised the silence had gone on a little too long and found that when he looked at Nigel's eyes, he had been looking at his too. He flushed, feeling the redness crawl up his neck to his face, as he looked away.

"Um, uh... where did you get the scar?" Adam muttered trying to fill the silence.

Nigel put up a hand to rub over it and then brushed his hand through his hair. Adam decided he liked his hair as he watched the hand move with a feeling of wishing it was his own. He stifled a whimper.

"I was shot." Nigel replied.

Bad men get shot.

"Why?"

"I don't remember."

"Oh."

The waitress came and took their order and they were silent for another moment. Until Nigel cleared his throat.

"I wasn't sure you'd, uh, want to be friends." He chuckled slightly again and Adam wasn't sure why it was funny. "You seemed scared of me."

“I was. I, uh, I think I am.” Adam replied as his brow knit together. “I’m not good with people, and Dad warned me about Alphas.” He shifted a little uncomfortably in his seat.

*

A pause.

“Because you’re an Omega...” Nigel began but stopped as soon as he saw Adam’s look of distress.

“Dad said to keep it secret, because of bad Alphas. Harlan got me patches...”

“Harlan, is that your boyfriend...” Nigel ventured, feeling like a fucking teenager in a school yard, a little unable to believe he’d even said the fucking words aloud.

Adam let out a tinkle of laughter, the sound of which made Nigel’s heart swell to the point he thought it might burst. “No, he’s my friend. He was in the forces with my Dad. He’s taken care of me a lot. He also thinks Alphas can be bad... So did Beth.” Adam looked thoughtful.

“uh, your girlfriend?”

Adam shook his head with a frown. “She was but it didn’t work out. Her ex was an Alpha and he was bad. I think that’s why she liked me, because I was a safe option. But we weren’t right together.” Another pause. “Everyone tells me Alphas are bad.”

“They said all Alphas are bad?” Nigel asked.

“Mmm, I think Alphas are bad for me. But now I have my friend Lynnette and she’s an Alpha and really nice. She and her wife have really helped me since I moved here. So they can’t all be bad. But I don’t know, I’ve never really met any before. Everyone I’ve ever known is a Beta. Dad and Harlan said it would be safer if people thought I was too.” Adam’s voice was all but a whisper.

As much as he wanted to deny it, he couldn’t fault the logic nor the protectiveness of Adam’s family. He would be an easy target for the wrong sort of Alpha, he’s not even sure how he would have reacted if the Omega scent in the hotel room had been stronger that day.

“They were right to keep you safe, but it makes it hard to lead your life. Maybe you need to find a good Alpha to protect you.” Nigel hoped his smile didn’t look too hopeful.

“Lynnette says that. She says suppressants and patches are not good and I would be better to find a mate to protect me.” Adam’s words are so matter of fact that they betrayed no thought about Nigel in such a capacity. Nigel felt his smile falter a little.

“I think she’s right. Suppressants are bad for you.”

There was a silence and Nigel couldn’t tell if it was awkward or not. The food arrived and his heart swelled again when he saw Adam smile at his plate, apparently pleased with his mac and cheese.

“If we’re friends we should get to know each other.” Adam said quietly. “Interests and things. That’s what friends do.” He was looking at his food, poking it around with a fork.

Nigel smiled. It was nice to at least feel that Adam didn’t want to just run away, which seemed to have been his primary impulse until now.

“I guess so. Though I don’t have a lot to tell. I moved here from Romania, but before I left I was hurt and now I don’t remember a lot about my past. I do know that I like the sunshine here, I like this town. I like you.” Nigel smiled warmly when Adam met his eyes for the briefest of moments and then reddened again. “What do you like? You moved here for a job?”

Adam’s face lit up and between bites of food he began to tell Nigel all about his new job.

Nigel was surprised how quickly three hours flew by considering he didn’t understand half the things Adam was saying, but he didn’t care - he loved Adam’s voice now that he’d found it and spoke with passion. He enjoyed that Adam clearly fucking enjoyed talking about these things. He seemed happy and more comfortable. Nigel kept encouraging Adam to continue and by the end of the evening felt he knew more about the kid than about himself.

He had cautiously offered to drive Adam home and was pleased when he accepted but purposely read nothing into it. This kid was like no one else he’d ever known, as far as he remembered, he didn’t want to take anything for granted.

As they reached Adam’s apartment he tried to work out whether he should walk Adam to the door. He couldn’t really remember any dating in his past. A younger him picking up girls and fucking them was his main frame of reference. Should he walk him to the door and maybe kiss him? Did Adam want to be kissed?

“I have coffee if you want to come in.” Adam said as they pulled up outside. It wasn’t so much a question as a statement of fact, which Nigel was easily becoming accustomed to as Adam’s way. Adam exited the car without an answer and Nigel turned off the engine and quickly followed him.

The apartment was compact but uncluttered. It was basic but had a few personal touches - shelves of books, a few nicnacs, a telescope in the corner. But the thing Nigel couldn’t ignore was the scent. This is where the little Omega lived. The smell of Beta was clearly synthetic when taken in this environment. The smell of Omega was faint but real. This was where Adam took off his patch and lived naturally. Nigel knew the scent would be stronger still if Adam wasn’t on suppressants.

Adam went to the kitchen and started the coffee maker. Nigel tried to pull himself together and was grateful the scent was so faint. He tried to occupy himself and disguise the reaction in his own body - a slight arousal and an instinct to scent Adam, for starters at least.

“Wow Adam. I think you own more fucking books than I’ve ever read.” Nigel commented and sat on the sofa without invite in the hopes of hiding his slight erection.

“I like to read. You can borrow some if you like.” Adam came in from the kitchen with a tray of coffee and cream and sugar. Nigel thanked him and took a cup, completely black.

“I’d like that. Then I could see you again to return them. If you like?”

Adam had sat down next to him but now shifted, maybe not uncomfortable but at the least uncertain.

“Yes, ok. I think maybe my Dad wasn’t right about all Alphas. I guess we could be friends.” there is a little smile over the coffee cup as Adam’s eyes meet his for a brief moment.

Nigel felt a simultaneous pull in both his chest and groin, causing him to automatically shift slightly in the chair, his chest puffed out. Adam retreated a fraction making Nigel aware of his own actions and pull back. They sat in silence for a few minutes and Nigel swilled back the rest of his coffee and put the cup back on the tray.

“Thanks for the coffee.” Nigel smiled and went to stand, feeling like he was suddenly intruding on the quiet Omega’s personal space. Before he could stand Adam was on his feet and quickly retreated from the room. Nigel sank back down, unsure what to make of the unpredictable kid. If he’d upset him he was unsure whether to go after him or just leave.

“Fuck.” He muttered.

*

Adam found Nigel’s company strangely easy. He felt comfortable around him in a way that unsettled him at the same time, for not wanting to feel that way. Even so, he hadn’t been able to stop himself once he realised Nigel was going to leave.

“Um... this... umm...” He returned to stand by the sofa with Nigel’s little dog shirt. It was neatly folded but clearly rumpled as he hadn’t wanted to launder it and lose the scent.

Nigel stood and looked down at the shirt in his hands. “It was a gift.” He replied.

Adam nodded. “Yes, but... um. It, um, doesn’t smell like you anymore.” He wanted to look up at Nigel but instead his gaze flicked around the room. He held it out for Nigel to take. “And, um.” He hoped Nigel would understand what he wanted because he felt so nervous that he was having difficulty asking. “Um, your shirt...” He continued, eyeing up the shirt Nigel was wearing.

He was surprised and warmed by the chuckle Nigel gave. Nigel nodded and took the dog shirt, placing it on the sofa before starting to remove the light blue shirt he was wearing. Adam wasn’t sure if Nigel was purposely removing his shirt in an enticing way, but it affected him nonetheless. Adam shifted on his feet as he felt himself becoming aroused. He wanted to reach out and touch Nigel, feel the taut muscles beneath the skin of his arms now that he was only down to his vest.

Adam raised his eyes as Nigel messily folded the blue shirt and passed it to him. Adam took it gently, careful not to make contact with Nigel’s skin. It was all a little too much and he was

feeling overloaded. In an instinct to comfort himself, Adam raised the shirt to his nose and breathed in.

“Alpha.” He sighed with a smile, completely unaware he had done so.

*

Nigel welcomed the cooling breeze when he got outside, dog shirt in hand. His skin was flushed and he was painfully fucking hard. He wasn't sure where he'd found the strength to leave. But once Adam seemed calm he knew he had to go. He knew because he really didn't want to - he wanted to make Adam his in every way he could. But his instincts told him that was not the way to win this Omega. And he sorely wanted to win him. Forcing himself on Adam would only prove his dad was right about Alphas and he wanted Adam to choose him. Nigel had to admit he didn't think Adam's dad was wrong - it was taking every effort to walk away.

Nigel dropped into the car seat and sat for a moment before looking at the shirt in his lap. For weeks Adam had slept with it, used it to gentle himself. He'd likely done so when he wasn't wearing his Beta scent patch. Nigel lifted the shirt to his nose and breathed deeply.

“Omega” He hummed almost dreamily.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Poor lil Adam - what scares him the more? Being around Alphas or unexpectedly going into heat?

Chapter Notes

The whole unexpected/unplanned heat is a bit of a cliché I know, but I had to go there. Just because. I'm sure you won't hate me for it :)

I had planned to put this chapter up on Tuesday and the final one on Thursday but I have plans both days so rather than delay, here is the next chapter. Final chapter will be up on Wednesday:)

Nigel had left his number at Adam's place but so far had heard nothing. It had only been a few days and the kid had a job and friends, he was busy. The days seemed slower to Nigel who had nothing but sightseeing to occupy his time. He considered going back to the Observatory but didn't want to seem fucking pushy. If he'd been wooing anyone else he'd have been straight there, but Adam needed a gentle approach and Nigel knew he'd be worth it. He thought the date went well but it was only the swapping of shirts at the end of the evening that gave him hope to think Adam really might call.

He was sat smoking on the small balcony of his hotel when his phone rang.

“Hi, is this Nigel?” a hurried female voice.

“Who’s this?”

“My name is Lynnette, I'm a friend of Adam. You left him your number.”

“Yes...” Nigel vaguely placed the name as the female Alpha that had befriended Adam.

“I don't want to make this awkward so I'll come to the point. Are you interested in Adam? He mentioned you went on a date, I know he has your shirt.” As a fellow Alpha she would understand that as the courting gift it was.

Nigel didn't respond, too busy wondering where the fuck this was going and why the hell this woman was calling him. To warn him off?

She continued “I get that you're wary, I'm a stranger to you. It's just that Adam, well he needs help... from an Alpha. He asked me to call you.”

More silence as Nigel tried to fathom her words.

“Are you still there Nigel?”

“Yeah, sorry. Where is he?” Nigel’s mouth was suddenly dry and his heart was thumping. The details seemed irrelevant all that mattered was that the Omega needed him and that screamed to every Alpha instinct he had to provide, protect.

“He’s at our place, I'll give you the address.” Nigel went in from the balcony and scrambled for a paper and pen on the bedside and wrote down the address.

Lynnette cleared her throat and continued. “I'm going to be honest with you Nigel, he thinks you're a straight up guy, so I hope he's right. He's in a bad way. I've had a friend, a doctor come see him, and well... you just need to come get him and take him home.”

*

Nigel shifted from foot to foot as he waited for someone to answer the door. A short, dark skinned woman opened it with a welcoming but nervous smile.

“Lynnette?” Nigel asked.

She smiled and shook her head as she moved to let him through the door. “No, I'm her wife, Angela. You must be Nigel.” Her eyes quickly took him in and an almost amused look crossed her face.

Nigel stepped inside and instantly understood the problem, if he hadn't guessed before. There was one main reason an Omega needed an Alpha. The scent of heat was thick in the air, clear to him immediately that it was Adam’s scent. He felt himself start to harden in response.

“Nigel, hi.” A smartly dressed blonde woman stepped out of a room and shook his hand. “Lynnette” She offered. “nice to meet you in person. Adam was quite insistent that we call you.” She took him in as well but her look was less amused and slightly disapproving, her eyes lingering over his neck tattoo for a fraction too long.

“I... Well, I'm glad you called. Adam is, uh, well I want to be there for him.” Nigel acknowledged. Alpha to Alpha he knew she would get that Adam meant something to him - not just an Omega to plunder. Which as Adam's friend she no doubt feared.

“Nigel?” a weak whimper at the sound of his voice.

Nigel started to move towards the Omega’s voice but found his arm in Lynnette’s surprisingly strong grip, he’d met very few Alpha females, and for Adam’s sake wanted to keep this one on side.

“My friend assessed him. He missed a few suppressants last month and it’s completely messed him up. He started taking them again before he could go into heat and now they aren't

working properly. He got sick at work yesterday, we thought it was flu until it was clear that it wasn't." Nigel knew she meant the scent he would have started to give out in his pre-heat state. "The suppressants have completely stopped. I brought him here so he wouldn't be alone, but there isn't much we can do and he's been asking for you." Nigel was strangely touched by Lynnette's concern.

"Thank you. I know you didn't have to call me, I appreciate it. I'll take him back to his place, make sure he's... comfortable."

Lynnette released his arm with a nod. "I just hope you're the guy he thinks you are, he's a very special person."

"You don't need to tell me that." Nigel agreed before tracking down Adam, the heady scent pulling him along.

The guest room was dark but Nigel could make out the little Omega huddled on the bed under a heavy blanket, shivering. The scent was intoxicating but still not full blown.

"Fuck" Nigel muttered under his breath as he walked to Adam. As he got closer Adam scrambled from the bed and into his arms. Nigel scooped him up, shuddering as Adam buried his nose in the crook of Nigel's neck and breathed deeply.

"Alpha." He whimpered.

*

The short drive to Adam's place was almost unbearable. All Nigel wanted to do was fuck the sweet Omega, and it didn't help that he had to spend most of the drive keeping Adam out of his lap and in his own seat, desperate to be comforted.

Lynnette had given him Adam's keys so he took the kid in and straight to his bedroom. Adam whimpered again at being set down. Nigel noticed he went straight to his blue shirt laid out on the pillow and breathed deeply, curling in a ball around it to comfort himself.

Nigel went to the kitchen and grabbed a glass of water, bringing it back to the bedroom and sitting next to Adam on the bed.

"Darling, you need this." Nigel told him, feeling an urge to comfort and gentle, despite his pressing arousal. He helped Adam sit up, blue shirt still clutched in tight fists, and got him to sip from the glass. Finally Adam pulled back.

"Nigel... I'm scared." He said weakly.

Nigel made a soothing noise and rubbed a hand in the small of Adam's back. "It's ok, I'm here. I will take care of you in anyway you need."

"I don't like this." Adam told him, curling in on himself but not pulling any further away from Nigel. "I had heats before, when I was younger. I don't like them. They're messy and uncomfortable. The doctor said this will be bad as I haven't had one in so long. I feel like I'm going to lose myself."

Nigel knew enough of Adam to know he was being literal.

“What can I do to help?” Nigel asked.

Adam whimpered again. It wouldn't be long before he was in full heat and completely nonsensical.

“I wanted your scent when I asked Lynnette to call. I... it soothes me, I need it.” He pulled close to Nigel's neck again. “I want more but I'm scared. I don't want you to hurt me, or bite me, or.. Uh.. I don't want you to knot me...”

“My sweet little Omega, I could never hurt you. I will be here for you, I'll give you what you need but I won't do anything you don't want.” Nigel makes the promise knowing how hard it will be to deny his own instincts to keep it. But he also knew that he would keep it. He wouldn't do anything that would break the trust Adam was placing in him.

Adam whimpered. His skin was hot and clammy. He already felt dirty and wanted a shower but couldn't quite manage to get up. He hated this. The world was hard enough for him to understand without him losing that last bit of himself. He'd never felt more vulnerable. The scent of Alpha helped calm him, but in what was left of his own mind, he was scared of it too. Alphas were dangerous. Maybe.

He looked over at Nigel who was snoring softly in the dining room chair he had brought in and set next to the bed so he could watch over Adam. Nigel had insisted he try and sleep while he was still able. It was a fevered sleep but he'd managed some, but now he was awake and scared. He felt the slick start to trickle down the back of his thighs and curled into a tighter ball with another pained sound.

He didn't want to wake Nigel. He'd found himself trusting the angry man, but he was scared. He was going to lose control of himself and that scared him before factoring in the presence of an Alpha. He'd always been warned about them. What if Nigel didn't keep his promise? He didn't want pups, he didn't want to be knotted. But soon he would, he would beg for it like a good Omega and he had to trust Nigel to ignore those pleas.

He squirmed in the bed, feeling suddenly empty. Feeling the need between his legs.

*

It was the smell of fear that woke Nigel first, but the smell of the Omega in heat that hit his now alert senses. Both combined drew Nigel to Adam's side, immediately wanting to comfort and assist him. Adam sobbed and tried to squirm away from him, a fresh wave of fear.

“I won't hurt you baby, I promise. My sweet, darling Omega I won't ever hurt you.” He tried to reassure, but Adam was clearly still distressed as his heat descended. Not wanting to stress him further and knowing he would soon be receptive, Nigel forced himself to back off despite his now pressing arousal. He took the empty glass from the bedside table and went to refill it in the kitchen.

He was only gone a couple of minutes but when he returned Adam was already deeper into his heat. So deep that he had thrown the covers off, his lithe and beautiful naked body glistening with sweat. He was trying to work his fingers into himself, slick running thick. As soon as Nigel entered the room Adam stopped and instead moved himself to raise his hips, arching his back as he presented himself to Nigel.

Nigel managed to put the glass down moments before he would likely have dropped it. As Adam looked at him with pleading eyes.

“Alpha.” He whined, arching his back more in an effort to entice the Alpha.

Nigel knew Adam was on pure instinct now. Soon he would be too, but he had to maintain control, enough to stop at the line Adam had drawn even if they both wanted to cross it when they got there. Nigel stared for a moment, his mouth watering at the sight before him. His heart was racing and the scent of Omega was filling his senses. He wanted to run his tongue across Adam’s twitching hole to taste the slick.

“Alpha... Ni... Nigel” Another pleading look and whine indicating that Nigel wasn’t acting quickly enough. He started to remove his clothes, so fast that taking off his shirt resulted in several buttons ripping off and flying across the room. By the time he was naked Adam was whimpering, and he saw the kid’s eyes dart to his painfully stiff cock.

“Ok angel, I’ve got you. My sweet little Omega.” Nigel soothed as he moved to Adam, first stroking his back. He wanted to take him there, with his beautiful ass displayed to him, but he knew he’d find it hard not to be rough. He fought the urge so that he wouldn’t hurt the little Omega. Instead he lay down on the bed and pulled Adam to him, both on their sides, Nigel spooning the pliable Adam as he caressed the kid’s beautiful fair skin. He kissed at Adam’s neck as he ran a hand over the Omega’s twitching cock, eliciting a moan.

“Please...” Adam begged, pressing himself back against Nigel’s cock.

Nigel’s hand moved lightly over the top of Adam’s thigh before moving around to his soft rump. He groaned into Adam’s neck as he moved his hand between the Omega’s thighs and felt the slick there. Adam moved instinctively, making access easier for Nigel whilst grinding up against him. Nigel groaned again, feeling his knot already throbbing in anticipation.

He slipped two fingers inside Adam, already lax from Adam’s own workings. He slipped in a third as Adam pushed back against him. Nigel worked his fingers as he pulled his other arm around to pillow Adam’s head, snaking his hand back to run through the gorgeous curls as he leaned in to smell them. Sweat over shampoo over pure Omega.

Another whimper indicated Adam was no longer satisfied with Nigel’s fingers. Nigel realised he was trembling with anticipation as he removed his fingers and lined his cock up, pushing into Adam’s tight, hot body.

“Fuck” Nigel groaned as he pushed deep. Adam simultaneously pushed back onto Nigel’s cock and stretched out alongside his body, taking his cock deep and purring. Fucking purring. Nigel felt a rumble in his chest in response. He snaked his arms around Adam and pulled him close, starting a steady thrust which Adam ground into.

Adam's whimpering had come to an end, replaced by sounds of pleasure Nigel was sure only an Omega could make.

"More..." Adam all but demanded.

Nigel grunted and bit down on his lower lip, his little Omega wanting more was almost enough to send him over the edge. With less control over his rough handling of the Omega, Nigel hauled himself and Adam up on the bed so that he had Adam on all fours so he could thrust deeper. More pleasurable sounds from Adam making him instinctively thrust harder and deeper.

"Alpha." Adam blissfully breathed the word as he moved his head, baring his neck to Nigel. "Nigel..."

It took every ounce of control he had left for Nigel to resist biting the exposed neck Adam presented - to bond with him and take him as a mate. The temptation was so hard to resist and only the knowledge that Adam didn't want it in his right mind, was holding him back.

The whimpering began again, which Nigel tried to sooth with rough kisses and nips to Adam's neck instead. That and taking hold of Adam's cock and pumping it in time with his own thrusts, seemed to distract the Omega. The whimpering faltered as Nigel continued to thrust harder and deeper until his knot was swollen. With a sound Nigel could only place between a whine and a purr, Adam came - his tight passage gripping Nigel with a shudder.

"Fuck!" Nigel cried, pulling out of Adam as he came. He had wanted to thrust in deep, to knot the beautiful Omega, he wanted it so much he had to pull out. His cum splashed across Adam's ass, the sight of it almost making Nigel cum again.

"No..." Adam cried. "Alpha, please... need... need your knot..." He pushed back trying to find Nigel again, trying to take him back inside.

Nigel made soothing noises, grabbing Adam around the waist and pulling him close, sitting him in his lap as he went back into a crouch. "No darling, my gorgeous sweet Omega." Nigel laced kisses around Adam's neck trying to sooth the whimpering. "You don't want it baby."

"Need!" Adam reiterated, making Nigel chuckle.

"You just fucking need me darling. I'll take care of you." He soothed, a hand running up and down Adam's back to gentle him. They stayed like that until Adam started to drift off, sleep claiming his exhausted little form. Nigel knew it wouldn't last long, he would need Nigel again soon and withholding his knot would get more difficult for both of them. Adam was right, he did need it, it was exactly what he needed to sooth him. They would just have to find alternatives until his heat passed. Nigel settled Adam onto the bed to sleep and then took a look around the room. Even on suppressants he was sure any Omega would have knotting toys in their possession.

The bedside table had no drawer, the chest of drawers was nothing but clothes. The wardrobe turned out to be the winner - Nigel found two boxes, one of porn DVDs and one of toys. Bizarrely there was also a space suit hanging up in there. It brought a smile to his lips and

made his heart ache even further for the little Omega spaceman. He knew nothing about space but Adam made him want to know it all.

Nigel brought the toys to the bed and waited for Adam to wake up again. They spent the next few days fucking, Nigel knotting Adam with his toys, although a pale comparison but enough to get him through. Beyond fucking there was sleeping, holding, caressing. Adam was rarely coherent and when he was he mostly slept, and yet Nigel found these to be some of his favourite moments, when Adam sleepily thanked him for his help and meant it.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Adam is over his heat and things don't go entirely as Nigel hoped it might.

Chapter Notes

Ok beautiful readers, here is the final chapter. A bit of angst but surely things will come good in the end?!?!?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Nigel woke up Adam wasn't next to him, his heat had finally broken. The room smelled of sweat and sex, of Alpha and Omega bleeding into each other. Nigel breathed deep and smiled as he stretched out on the bed. He dragged himself from the enticing scent of the sheets and stood up. He could hear noise in the kitchen - a room he had become familiar with over the last few days - grabbing glasses of water, making Adam the frozen mac and cheese he had found, to try and get him to eat whenever he could.

Nigel wandered into the kitchen and saw Adam pouring a bowl of cereal. He had a towel around his waist and was damp from a shower. His pale skin was red in places from passionate nips and kisses Nigel had given him. He felt bad for the blemishes on the perfect porcelain skin. He wanted to apologise for them with gentler kisses. Nigel walked up behind Adam and slipped his hands around the kid's waist as he lowered his head so that his nose was in Adam's neck, taking in the beautiful Omega scent.

Adam stiffened in his arms and made a small noise that betrayed his discomfort. Nigel was surprised but even so released him immediately and took a step back. Adam didn't turn, or even relax his posture when he spoke.

"Um, you can... I guess you can go now. I feel much better now. Uh, thanks." The words were shaky and Nigel could see Adam was obviously upset. In combination these things hurt Nigel. He felt like he was being rejected but he also felt bad at Adam's distress and didn't know how to make it better. It suddenly dawned on him that he was the problem. He couldn't blame Adam - things had moved quicker than even he anticipated giving neither of the time to think until now. Nigel wasn't exactly the right sort for him as much as he'd tried to be what he needed over the last few days. Adam had just reached out for an Alpha because of his heat, and now it was over he'd probably realised his mistake.

“Ok.” Was the only thing Nigel could say, knowing any argument on his part would just distress Adam further, which he couldn’t bare to do. He went back to the bedroom, not bothering to freshen up, he put back on the remains of his clothes - his shirt ready for the fucking bin. When he came back to the kitchen Adam was gone, Nigel found him curled over on himself on the sofa, rocking gently. Nigel started to go to him, every instinct telling him to gentle the Omega, but Adam’s wide eyes and sudden whimper held him back. Nigel looked again at the red marks on Adam’s skin, the slight bruising around his neck where he’d had to resist biting the kid.

“I’m sorry Adam, if I hurt you, I’m so sorry you can’t even fucking imagine. I tried not to get carried away, I didn’t knot you, like you asked. I...” Adam was still rocking and avoiding looking anywhere near his direction and he knew it was pointless. He’d been too rough, he’d been an Alpha that Adam’s dad had warned him about. He’d ruined any chance he might have had.

Nigel let himself out and drove back to his hotel, there was little point in staying in Flintridge now.

*

It had taken Adam until the following day to get himself together and to recover from his heat. His body was achy and sore and he felt alone. He had been too scared to have the Alpha around once he had come to his senses and yet now he felt achingly lonely.

He waited until the evening, when he knew they’d be home, and went over to Lynnette and Angela’s house. When Lynnette opened the door she smiled, pleased to see him, but her smile dropped as soon as she saw his face and tears he couldn’t hold back.

“Oh Adam.” She sighed and opened her arms. He fell into them and cried.

When they got into the house Lynnette transferred Adam to Angela on the sofa who calmed him with soothing noises and gentling whilst Lynnette got him a glass of water.

“Ok sweet thing, tell me what happened?” Angela asked as Adam’s sobbing subsided.

“Did Nigel hurt you?” Lynnette asked angrily but backed off at Angela’s look. Adam needed comfort not to deal with anger.

Adam nodded and pulled his sweater down to show them the still red and slightly bruised markings around his neck.

“Did he knot you?” Lynnette asked, this time ignoring Angela’s glare.

Adam shook his head. “He didn’t. I asked him not to. I didn’t want him to, or to bite me. I didn’t want him to mate and breed me. He didn’t” Adam confirmed through sniffing.

Lynnette sat down on his other side and looked at his neck. “Honey, did he do anything else to you? Did he treat you ok?”

“He uh... we had a lot of sex, so that I felt better. And I felt better and I know I wanted him to knot me and bite me but he didn’t because I already asked him not to. He said nice things and held me and made me food.” He told them.

“Oh sweetness.” Angela rubbed a hand over his back to comfort him. “Why are you so upset?”

“He hurt me, on purpose. He’s a bad Alpha. He said he wouldn’t but my neck hurts and I ache. He lied about not hurting me.” Adam’s sad words were tinged with anger.

“No honey, he didn’t, not on purpose.” Lynnette told him with a sigh, placing a comforting hand on Adam’s shoulder. “It’s really hard for Alphas not to bite and knot when they are in rut. How out of control you felt, he felt almost as out of control and yet he kept his promise. He didn’t mean to hurt you, he did it so he wouldn’t bite you. And you ache because you’ve been having sex for days and being in heat is hard on your body, he couldn’t have helped that.”

“Oh.” Adam took in the information and felt a little foolish. He had never had sex during heat before and could barely remember when he had been in heat before. He hadn’t thought about how it might be different.

“Do you like him Adam?” Angela asked, taking her turn to ignore Lynnette’s glare.

Adam nodded. “He likes to listen to me talk and he calls me sweet little Omega, and I like the way he smells. When he gave me his shirt before I felt sexually excited even though I wasn’t in heat then.”

Angela smiled. “Maybe you should go on another date with him. You can’t go back on the suppressants, the doctor was pretty clear on that. Perhaps it would be good for you to have an Alpha around.”

“I don’t think he wants to be friends anymore.” Adam frowned. “I was upset so he left. I, uh, I think I made him leave.”

*

Nigel sat looking at the stars. It was hard to know, but he wasn’t sure if he’d ever just sat and looked at the stars like this. He had a feeling that the stars would fucking haunt him, it would be sometime before he could look at them and not think about Adam. Strange little Adam - darling Adam, sweet little Omega and spaceman. Nigel felt a tug in his chest. He’d been shot, lost his memory, moved somewhere new and yet none of this compared to the upheaval in his life of having met Adam fucking Raki.

He knew he had to get over it. He’d almost convinced himself that the only reason he’d had an interest in Adam was because he made him feel less odd for having lost his memory. That the way Adam was had made him feel better about himself, less alone in his oddness. But he knew it wasn’t true. He knew, regardless of his lack of memory, that he had never met anyone like Adam before, never met anyone that made him feel like Adam made him feel. He

couldn't even put it down to being drawn to Adam just because he was an Omega, he'd remembered coming across Omegas when he was younger and didn't feel like this.

He wiped his sleeve across his face when he realised a fucking tear had rolled down his cheek. He would just watch the stars a little longer and then he'd go. He'd go back to Los Angeles and start over as had been the intention before Adam came into his life.

He was focused up at the stars when his phone buzzed in his pocket. He took it out and looked at it. His chest fluttered as he found himself hoping it was Adam. He continued to look at the phone, wondering whether he should answer it or toss it to save the fucking heart ache. He couldn't imagine Adam would ever see him as anything other than a bad Alpha.

"Hello?" He finally answered when the phone didn't ring off.

"Hi Nigel, it's Angela. Listen honey, Adam... well he's a special kid. He doesn't always process things the same way other people do and it can make it hard for him to read situations and understand what's going on, especially if emotions are flying all over the place.."

"Autism." Nigel confirmed.

"Yeah. It can make things hard for him sometimes and being Omega... well, I think we both know where his Dad's protectiveness came from. He'd be an easy target to someone with less than good intentions..."

There was silence for a moment. Nigel wondered where this was going, glad at least that it was the nicer Angela phoning him to warn him off Adam rather than Lynnette, who he could imagine ending up in a slanging match with.

"I get it. Look, Angela, I really appreciate your concern but you don't need to worry, I won't come near Adam again. I'm heading back to L.A."

"Um, no Nigel. No you're not. You're getting your ass over here right now and picking up Adam. Take him home and talk, or whatever."

Nigel smiled.

*

Adam was waiting at the door when he arrived at Lynnette and Angela's house. He looked sheepish as he held out his hand. Nigel took it, rubbing his thumb over the back of Adam's hand and giving it a squeeze - feeling the Omega shiver in response. The women watched on but said nothing as they returned to Nigel's car.

It was late by the time they got to Adam's and they hadn't spoken in the car. Neither sure exactly what to say.

"Can I come in?" Nigel asked as he turned off the engine. Adam nodded quickly and hurried to the apartment. Nigel followed him from the car, into the apartment and to the sofa. Adam sat down and hooked his knees up his chin, looking at Nigel as he sat down at the other end of the sofa. Nigel was sure it was the longest Adam had maintained eye contact with him.

“I’m sorry.” Adam said as Nigel sat down. “I, uh... I sometimes don’t read situations well. Uh, Lynnette told me how difficult it would have been for you and that you didn’t mean to hurt me.”

“I didn’t darling. Not at all, I didn’t ever want to fucking hurt you.” Nigel confirmed. He wanted to move closer but was worried about spooking his sweet Omega.

“It doesn’t really hurt that bad.” Adam said, rubbing his neck. “I know you didn’t mean it to hurt. You didn’t break your promise. I’m sorry I got scared.”

“Baby, you have nothing to apologise for. You’ve been raised to think all Alphas are dangerous and you were in heat. Everything was all over the place for you, I should have been more careful.” Nigel continued to hold himself back from reaching for Adam.

“What happens now?” Adam asked, meeting his eyes again.

“What do you want to happen darling?” Nigel asked gently.

“I like you, I’d like us to still be friends. Um...” nervous fidgeting and averted eyes again. “Maybe we can have dates, and maybe sex. I think I liked sex with you... I can’t really remember it properly, but I think it was good.”

“It was.” Nigel laughed. “It was really fucking good. I’d like that too.” It was enough for Nigel for now. He didn’t want to scare Adam, he wasn’t going to voice his desire to bond with him. He didn’t want to say that he could no longer imagine his life without the sweet little Omega and how he would do fucking anything to keep him in his life.

Adam smiled and reached over, his hands grabbing Nigel’s shirt and bunching it at the shoulders before he pulled himself into Nigel’s lap and breathed deeply, his head buried in the crook of Nigel’s neck.

“Nigel.” Adam purred with satisfaction. Yes, this was enough for now because he was sure that in the end there would be more.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks all for the comments and kudos, I'm really touched by the response this fic has had :)

Don't worry there will be more for these two! Consider this a part one of a series - "You Are Now Leaving Bucharest" is in progress and will be up (hopefully) in the next couple of weeks :)

Works inspired by this one

[[PODFIC](#)] [Welcome to California](#) by [metencephalon](#)

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